THE TONGUE COMBATANTS,

OR

A Sharp diſpute between a Comical Couragious Country

GRASIER,

And a LONDON Bull-feather'd Butchers Twitling, Twatling, Turbulent, Thundering, Tempeſtious, Terrifying, Taunting, Troubleſome, Talkative Tongu'd

WIFE.

With the Comical Humours of the Joviall LONDON

GOSSIPS,

In a DIALOGUE between a *Maid* a *Wife* and a *Widdow*, over a Cup of the Creature.

LONDON, Printed for *Andr. Thorn-come*, at the *Dog* and *Glove* on *London-Bridge*. 1684.

BRITISH MUSEUM
19
67
JUN

THE PROLOGUE.

STand cleere, make room and let the Champions Enter!
You may your Money, as at Cock-Pits, *Venture.*
And now, ſuppoſe, the Combatants are well met:
Each ſcornes to wear a Coat of Male *or* Helmet;
Nor come they Armed like the Hoſt of Pharoah
With Bill, *and* Battle-Ax, *or* Bow *and* Arrow;
Nor like our Modern Maſters of the Science,
Print Bills a Month before, to give defyance,
When they at Bear-garden *do meet, and Swagger*
Inſteed of Fight, at Back-Sword, Sword *and* Dagger,
Each with a Rapier *Butt'ned at the end o'nt,*
Paſs in a Crowd for Plantiff and Deffendant.
But this our Combat looks more like a Duell:
Each is Inrag'd like Bear *and* Lyon *Cruell.*
Their Tongues are whet as ſharp as any Broad-Ax,
And Face to Face; each ſcorns to turn the Podex.
This ſharp Tongu'd Battell Fought, in famous London
The parties meet, begin the Fight, and ſoon don,
For takeing hold of the firſt oppertunity
They try'd their Skills: But I delight in Vnity;
And therefore, to omit Burleſquing *Jeeres,*
I'le ſet'em both together by the Ears.

THE TONGUE CUMBATANTS,&c.

Enter Grasier *and* Butcher.

B. WELL, old acquaintance now you have heard the Cheriping of a *Cockney*, or the language of a female Devill at Repartee, prethee tell me, will *Rumney-marsh* afford any such *Cattell?*

G. I never met with her equall either in *Kent* or *Christnedome*. As I live *Ned* I pity thee.

B. Thy pitty cannot do me so much service as to take up the *Cudgels* against her, while I, undiscovered, make my escape to the *Tavern*. I know thy Tongue is well hung, and may, perhaps, Bawl her into a fit of Silence.

G. I suspect it is Imposible: For, she makes more noyse than halfe a dozen *Paper-mills*; but to doe thee an office of Love, Il'e venture one three bouts with her. Where shall I come to thee?

B. To the new *Tavern*. She has not found out that haunt yet, though I believe she will when the *Bush* is Advanced. ----- But hark! ----- Shee's upon the Chace. I must to Covert. *Exit.*

G. What an Intolorable, Insupportable Torment attends the Tumultuous Alarms of a Womans *Tongue*, when she beats up her husbands Quarters.

W. Is it so *Sir*. 'Tis long of such as you, that send him home Drunk every Night; And will you undertake to

to take up the *Tongue-Cougels* in his Vindication? have a care: There's leſs danger in ſtirring a *Waſps-Neſt*.

G. Go, you are a Devill of the Feminine Gender. A Serpent, perpetually hiſſing and ſpetting Venome. A reall *Purgatory*, more to be dreaded in this World, then the *Popes* Imaginary *Hot-houſe* in the next; and like Oyle powred on flames, good words makes you rage the faſter; and when once your Flag of Defience, the *Tippet*, is unfurl'd, you care not a ſtraw for *Cunſtable* nor *Cucking-ſtoole*.

W. How's this? Thou inconſiderate piece of Sottiſh Extravigance: The wiſe mans Scorn, the Shirks Exchequer, the Wheedling Hoſtiſes honeſt-man, the Moth of an Eſtate, the Ship-wrack of a family, or a miſchief three ſtories high, for you ſcandalize your Anceſtors, Ruin your Selfe, and Strangle the hopes of your Poſterity. You Ride Poſt to *Beggers-Buſh*; and take more pains to ſpend Money than a day labourer to get it.

G. That Tongue of yours is the *Clapper* of the Devils *Saints-Bell*, that Rings all in to Confuſion: It runs round like a Wheel, one Spoke after another; and makes more noyſe, in Jangling, then a *Country Steeple on the Fifth of November*: You are never leſs at eaſe than when you are Quiet, nor never Quiet but when you are a Sleep, nor then neither, for either you Talk in your Dream, or diſturb the whole Family with a fitt of Snoreing.

W. Such as you deſerve no Quiet, that know no differenee between prodigallity and liberallity; and think you can no way make good your pretence to Gentillity, but by paying, where er'e you come, the reckoning: And every Raſcall, that can cry my Noble Maſter, is maſter of your Purſe; which ſucking Vermine continually flutter about you, as thick as Flyes in a Confectioners ſhop.

G. That's only when ſuch as you, who the Taverns and Ale-Houſes Dread more your ſingle Allarm, than the Joynt Attaques of the Cunſtable and his Watch, I ſay when you approach to beat up our quarters, we are content to Club and pay your Husbands Reckoning and diſmiſs him, or if ſurpriſd, hide him under the Table, rather then be at the charge of ſo many Glaſſes and Bottles, as you would quickly ſalute his *Coxcomb* with.

W. You pay my Husbands Rickoning! that has not wherewith to diſcharge your own. For when you goe to Market t'is but to buy a *Fox*, and return reeling ſome two days after, haveing only Truck'd away your Corn for *Drink*, and put off yonr Cattell to make your ſelf a greater *Beaſt*.

G. Your Fomenting Tongue is guilty of no Slander all your neighbours know you, and wiſh the Feaver of your *Red-rag* were Cured by the applying of a *Razor*: It has got you a privillidg, for where ever you come you are ſure to have the Room to your ſelf. The Proudeſt *Goſſips* will quit pretentions, rather than ſtand the Shock of your well known Rhetorick.

W. Can you think to revive your Threadbare Credit by Scandalizeing mine? 'Tis well known the firſt thing you did after *Mariage*, was to pay Ale-houſe Scores with your Wifes *Portion*. And your next Exployt was to *Pawn* her *Cloaths* for ſupplys of freſh Debauchery.

G. A Notorious Scould, as you are, is worſe then *Cow-itch* in a mans Bed or a *Chafing-diſh* at Board. I believe you have quite forgot your Husbands name, or elſe you dont like it, that you *Re-Baptize* him with ſo many new Invented titles; worying him out of his Sences at home, and then Ferrating his haunts abroad, worſe than a needy *Bawd* dos a Decay'd *Bully*.

W. Then let him mind his *Shop* better: He counts it a

Priſon

Priſon to him, but if he Dances long after your Pipe hee'l be *Shopt* in a *Priſon* indeed, he pretends extraordinary Buſineſs abroad, and muſt needs goe to the *Exchange*, when he has nothing to doe there but to meet his Comrades, and *change* his Shillings into Sixpences, and reduce Guinies into Farthens; ſtill crying tis to ſoon to go home, and will rather walk a Mile about then come nere his own Door, for fear he ſhould be Obliged to come in before his hour, which is Mid-night.

G. Your clamering at him without occaſion makes him give you ſo much now, for you are continually Railing at him for keeping Ill-company, till you force him to it, being aſhamed to goe into any good Soſciety, or they aſhamed of him, or at leaſt a fraid of the Infection of your Bluſtering Tongne.

W. Yes Sir I think I ſhall make bold to exercile my Tongue, when I find him and his Tribe about the fag end of the day at Rendevouze like a *Conſtelation* fixt in the lower region of a known Tavern, where their *Noſes* appear like *Blazing-Comets* that evermore portend exceſſive drought, and their confuſed noyſe, (for diſcourſe you cannot call it,) is more nonſencicall and impertinent then a ſhee *Quakers* Sermon, or the *Tattles* of an Upſitting.

G. I am ſencible the beſt of humours can't charme you to be civil or ſociable, no company how Affiable or complaiſant ſoever can long content you, you ſeek occaſion for Railing, as eagarly as a comon *Barrater* ſtrives to promote a *Suit* of *Law* by Inſinuating Aggrevations; if your Husband don't croſs you, you are Angry with him for his neglecting of you; you Interpret all to the worſt ſence, and ſupply the defects of reall Affronts with jealous Suſpitions.

W. I hope I have not miſrepreſented your Revellings at the Tavern, where you are no ſooner accomodated with a Room and *halfe a pint*, (for ſo commonly you modeſtly begin) with the addition of ſome *Clean-pipes* and a *jordin*; the firſt Argu-

Argument is the goodneſs of the *Wine*, which being voted a *Flower* produces next a *Bottle*: the next buſineſs in courſe is News, or who was moſt *Drunk* the Night before, and *Reeled* home with the greateſt Gravity and *Decorum*.

G. But if in the interem you aproach, ruſhing againſt the Table and Overwhelming all before you, *like a Dutch Fly-boat under full Saile plowing up the Occan*; I know no better remedie to procure the Companies eaſe, but the applying a full Glaſs ſeaſonably to your *Quivering-lips*, which perhaps may bring you to an Anchor, and pacify your Feaver for a moment; though you can be quiet only juſt as long as you are *Drinking*.

W. Sir I know well enough what I do when I drink, and underſtand when I have enough, and not like ſuch *Souſe-Barrells* as you, ſit till you have not diſcretion enough left to know at which end to lite your Pipes, and then Staggering away, if you miſs the Counter tis forty to one but you meet with ſome little *Town Baggage*, who picks your *Pocket*, and ſends you home with a *Clap of a French faggot-ſtick*; in the mean time the good woman at home ſits Lamenting over a piece of Mouldy-bread, and a draught of *Rotgut*; and the Children are fain to go to Bed without their Supper, becauſe the vile Milk-woman is grown faithleſs.

G. You are none of thoſe good women that take it ſo patiently, for your confuſed noiſe makes a man fly your preſence for his Divertion, by the continual *pattering* of your Lips one would geſs you were poſſeſt with the ſpirit of Contention, the *Dog-days* continue with you all the year round, nor can you poſſibly take cold being allways in a fumeing heat. And neither the *Pox*, nor the *Plague*, are ſo grevious a Diſeaſe in your opinion as being *Tongue-Ty'd*.

W. But tis a more grevious Infection, when the precious Bruit (which forſooth muſt be called Husband) comes home with a Breath that ſtinks with *Canary* and *Tobocco*, worſe then

then Hell of Brimſtone, and perhaps pick a cauſleſs quarel, and give his wife a remembrance with a *Broom-ſtaff*, that ſhe is fors't to wear the *Northumberland-arms* a month after, which ſhe good natnr'd ſoul muſt excuſe by pretending an unluckey fall, or blaming an innocent *Door-latch* for the injury; but were I acquainted with ſuch wives ide teach e'm another Leſſon.

G. I perceive your Talkativeneſs will grow Contagious, and as you are your Neighbours perpetuall diſquiet, your Families evill Genius, your Husbands Ruine, and your own dayly Tormenter: So you will prove my Thunderclap, and deafen my Eares with your Clamourous noyſe.

W. But ile open them againe, and make you hear me on both ſides your Eares, I will Sir, ſhall you undertake to vindicate the *Rebbel* my *Husband* for coming home Drunk, and ſhall I be meally mouth'd, in vaine you expect it, pray what comfort can be expected from ſuch a Swine, were not a woman better be marryed to a *Mandrake*, or take a *Bed-ſtaff* to bed with her. Yet this forſooth is our wittleſs head, This is that *Tool* we muſt *Worſhip* and *Obey*, this is that mighty Annimall that would triumph over us as the weaker *Veſſels*.

G. Draw off your diſordred Army, and forbear to play your Voluble Artillary ſo thick in my Ears, and let us come to a *parle*.

W. Yes ile *parle* with you, you have raiſed a Tempeſt that is not ſo ſoon layd; what notwithſtanding your own extravigances, muſt you, or our *Things called Husbands*, be reading Lectures to us of good houſewifery; and when you have foold away your money worſe then if you had made *Duks* and *Drakes* with it, come home to your wives and complain of the deſtruction of a *Candles-end* for want of a *Saveall*, and Raile at your wives Improvidence, in not Managing more thriftyly the income of the *Kitchinſtuff Pot*.

G. Silence your multiloquious Tongue, and ile make you ſencible of what Ingredience nature made uſe, to compleat this Monſter in nature a ſcolding Wife, that you may the more admire the Originall of your perfections.

W. Silence! --O Monſtrous,--*Silence!*---no,you may as eaſie tame a ſavage *Tigar*;--*Silenc*;---thou impertinent Fellow-what know you not that nature affords us no other *Weapons* then our *Tongues*; And I ſee no reaſon why in ſo juſt a cauſe we ſhould not make uſe of them, what ſeek to Infringe us of our Antient *liberties*, 'tis *Uſerpation* and *Rebellion*, what,---do you think the ſence of ſuch a wrong as to be demanded to be *Silent* is not ſufficient to Arme a Female Spirit, and make it vigourous to take revenge? *Revenge!* my hears delightſull darling, what not *Talk*, yes I think I ſhall and harken to none of your Ingredience; I know well enough what *Mettle* I am made of.

G. How ſhe *Thunders*, the Devill has been *priming* her all this while, and now ſhe ſcatters like a *hand Granado.*

W. Nature has beſtow'd upon me an Active ſoul, too ſencible of Injury to put up ſuch offronts; The word *Silence* I abhor, I can hardly forbear to let my Fury looſe, which would ſoon turn the Currant of your Rhetorick, and blow your totſtring *Fabrick* into *Ayr.*

G. Her *Galls* broke, and the *Bitter Poyſon* will infect the Ayr; This is one of the plagues of Natures preparation to ſcourge the World with, who finding her Sones Bewitched to their own ruine by the Charms of a *Woman*, for their puniſhment, contrived this monſter called a *Scold.*

W. A Scold!---I ſcorn your words, what can't a woman *reaſon* the caſe with her Husband, applying ſome *Uſes* of *Reproof* and *Inſtruction*,but they muſt preſently at the bar of your conſorious Crack-braind Coxcomb be Araighned for *Scolds*?

G. Cenſorious Crack-braind Coxcomb.

W. I am to *moddeſt* Sir, you deſerve more ill names then a

Fiſh-

Fiſh-wench beſtows upon a *Carman* that overthrows her Baſkets, or the Complements of one *Water-man* to another affords between *Brentford* and *Queenhith*. but I find your Artillery is ſpent, and therefore will be more noble, and ſcorning ſo mean a conqueſt will draw of my forces, that you may take Breath; but have a care hence forward, how you attempt to *Rouze* a ſleeping *Lyon*: Soe fare ye well.

G. Shees gon with her *Colours flying*, and I have no reaſon to purſue, for the *Fountain* of my railery is drawn *dry*: but now I am alone ile venture to look over a receipt, taken out of *Theophrastus Bumbaſtus*, Treating how induſtrious Nature was, and of what *Simples* ſhe made uſe to frame and compleat this Venomous Animall, a *Scold*.

She took firſt the *Tongues* and *Galls* of *Bulls*, *Bears*, *Wolves*, *Tigars*, *Magpies*, *Parrots*, *Cuckows*, and *Nightingals*, of each a like number: The *Tongues* and *Tayls* of *Vipers*. *Adders*, *Snakes*, *Lizards* and *Hornets*, of each ſeven: *Aqua-fortis*, *Sulpher* and *Gun-powder*, of each one pound: the *Clappers* of nineteen *Bells*, and the *Peſtles* of twenty-five *Apothecaries Morters* which being all mixed, ſhe *Calcined* in the *Vulcanello* of mount *Strombolo*, and diſolved the Aſhes in a water diſtilled juſt under *London-Bridge* at three quarters Flood, and *Filtrated* it through the Leaves of *Calepinus Dictionary*, to render the opperation more *Verbal*, after which ſhe Diſtilled it again through a *Speaking-Trumpet*, and cloſed up the remaining *Spirits* in the mouth of a *Cannon*, then opening the Graves of all the late deceaſed *Pettifoggers*, *Mountebanks*, *News*, *Hawkers*, *Bartholomew-Fair Merry-andrews*, and *Fiſh-wenches*, and with the skins of their *Tongues*, made a ſtrong *Bladder*, cover'd over with *Drum-heads*, and fil'd with *Stormes*, *Tempeſts*, *Wheirl-winds*, *Thunders* and *Lightnings*; Theſe for better Incorporation ſhe ſet ſeveral years in a *Rough-ſea* to *ferment*, and then mixing them with the reſt, *Rectifyed* the whole three times a day for nine Months in a *Balneo* of *Quick-ſilver*, laſtly

to *Irrabitate* the whole Elixer and make it more *churliſh*: ſhe cut a vein under the *Tongue* of the *Dogſtar*, drawing thence a pound of the moſt *Cholerick Blood*, from which *Sublimating* the Spirits, ſhe mix'd them with the *Foam* of a *Mad-dog*, and then putting all together into the forementioned *Bladder*, *Stich't* it up with the *Nerves* of *Socratis*'s-*Wife*. Out of this Labourious and Noble preparation, with the addition of a *Crooked-rib*, Dame nature firſt compoſed a *Shrew*; whoſe poſterity has ſince ſo *peſtred* and overſpred the World, that there is ſcarce a *Street*, *Lane* or *Ally* in the *City*, or *Village* in the *Country*, free from ſome of the Noxious *Linage*.

A *Champion* of this *Race* Lyes intered in the pariſh of *Scoldonia*, in the County of *Cumberland*, as appears by the folowing *Epitaph*, *Scratch't* upon her *Tomb-ſtone*.

EPITAPH.

Here underneath this *Stone* almoſt a *Fatham*,
In *Quiet* lyes a *Crooked-rib* of *Addam*:
Who after threeſcore-years continued *clammer*
Is mute as *Mouſe*, ſince *Death* has overcame her.
Living ſhe made her *Neighbours qnake* and *ſhiver*,
And taught her *Husband* how to know his *Driver*.
Who when he found her *Speechleſs*, *Mute* and *Sullen*,
Knew ſhe was *Dead*; and *Shrouded* her in *Woollen*:
Though ill ſhe Liv'd, I dare not read her doome,
Yet ſure go where ſhe will, ſhees *Troubleſome*.

THE

THE

Comicall Humours of the JOVIAL LONDON GOSSIPS, or a Dialogue between a *Widdow*, *Wife* and *Maid*; over a Cup of the Creature.

A PROLOGVE.

WHile Country Goſſips Oyl their Tongues with Ale,
Dull Liquors, ſerving for a homely tale;
We Citizens with Sack *our pallets liquor,*
Which makes our Tongues more free, our fancies quicker
Ale *ſtupifies and makes the Sences muddy;*
Your right wine Goſſips tattle without ſtuddy.
For true Extemporie Goſſiping and witty,
The Country world can't parralell the CITY.

Wid. Goodmorrow *Cozen Margret*, how dee doo,
It was a wonder thus to meet with you,
You're grown more ſtrange of late then heretofore,
You us'd to call as you came by the *Dore*;
Prethy what lucky buſineſs brought thee hither,
That we ſhould meet at *Tavern Door* together?
Wif. Why truly Cuz I came to meet a Friend,
But on his promiſe ile no more depend;
I will not Boaſt what favours I have ſhown,
And he to faile me! ---well, tis paſt and gon.
Wid. Come do not fret good Cuz, theſe *Flattering men*
Seldome perform their promiſes *one* in *Ten*;

He

He promis'd thee ſome *Toy*, ſome prety *thing*.
Wif. You make a bauble of a *Diamond Ring*.
Tis not the *Ring* I value, but I Swear
To be thus fool'd-
Wid. nay prethee Cuz forbear.
Look here comes Beſs----doſt think to paſs unknown?
Where goe'ſt my Wench?
Maid. to ſee my *Siſter Jone*.
Wid. Come Cozen *Margret*, ſince wee'r met ſo pat,
Here's *Widdow*, *Wife* and *Maid*, lets *Drink* and *Chat*.
Slip in good Cozen you are next the *Dore*,
One Pint in *kindneſs* and away, *no more*.
Wif. My Husband's forth, the ſhop muſt needs be tended,
Should he find me from home hee'l be offended.
Maid. And pray excuſe me, troath I muſt away,
My *Mothers* gon *abroad* I dare not Stay.
Wid. What ſhould you fear you *Babyes*? heer's a Life,
I allways run thoſe hazards *Maid* and *Wife*:
Beſs ile have no excuſes thou ſhalt ſtay,
What ten't ſo oft, we dont meet ea'ry day.
Cozen come follow me il'e be your guide.
Maid. My Mother if I ſtay to long will Chide.
Vint. Ye'are wilcome *Gentle-women* walk up *ſtaires*,
This is a publick Room where all repairs.
Wif. Tis not worth while, lets take it ſtanding here.
Wid. No no walk up, ſhow us a *Room* my *Deere*.
Vint. Pray follow me,----now *Ladies* what *Wine* drink ye?
Wif. What *VVine* is beſt for our *Complections* think ye?
Vint. I have no *Phyſick* Ladies.
VVif. But as good,
For wholſome *Wine* creates the beſt of *Blood*.
Wid. Well, haſt good *Clarret*?
Vint. I the beſt in *London*.
VVid. Either draw good, be quick, or leave it undone.

Vint.

Vint. Here is a *Glaſs* of *Brisk*, tis *Neat* and *pure*;
Wid. Pray take it Cuz, why are you ſo *demure*:
Let's drink *Famillier*.
Wif. To thee honeſt *Beſs*
Il'e drink a *Bumper*, thou ſhalt pledge no leſs,
The *wine* is good believ't.----nay fill your *Glaſs*.
Wee'l have no flinching *Beſs*; round let it paſs.
Wid. I, I, no pingling now,----come toſs it up,
If here were *men* we would but *kiſs* the *Cup*;
But now lets barr diſſembling and be Merry,
Till with this *wine* we make our ſences weary;
No *Sweethearts* now our Actions can ſurvey,
No no wee'r ſafe enough, come *Drink* away.
Maid. To you forſooth.
Wid. nay prethee call me *Nan*.
Maid. O deere me thinks I drink like any *Man*.
Wid. Now *Cuz* to all our Friends in *Soper-lane*;
I wonder whats become of honeſt *Jane*,
Wif. O! ſhe is gone to dwell at *London-wall*,
But diſh about *Cuz*, faith Ile pledge them all.
Wid. The *Wine* is *brisk*, tis very good in truth,
Fill t'other *Quart*, prethee go right good Youth.
I ſmile to think how merry we have been,
When we you know were chooſing *King* and *Queen*;
And *Jane* was there, well *Jane*'s an honeſt Maid:
O! the *mad-tricks* that wee *mad-wenches* play'd;
Well let them talk and praiſe the Married life,
I that have liv'd both *Widdow Maid* and *Wife*,
And try'd all pleaſures, will maintaine it ſtill,
That of the three *Maids* have the *World* at will.
Wif. Yet for all that, before I ſaw *fifteen*
I wiſh'd that I my *Wedding day* had ſeen.
I think hers none but friends, put too the door?
I long'd for't *Beſs*, no woman could long more.

Wid. I, Tittle Tattle *Beſs* it muſt be done,
I would not for the World have *Liv'd a Nun*,
I by Experience know *Maids* are inclin'd
To taſt thoſe Sweets, and have a longing Minde.
Wif. *Cozen* tho you on *Venus* Sports have Fedd,
You ſhould not put ſuch things in *Beſſes* Head.
Maid. Nay if you go to that ſhee cannot ſhow,
Nor can you tell me more then I do know.
Wid. well *Cozen* well thoſe days with us are paſt,
But heers the *Glaſs ſtands Still*, pray who *Drank* laſt?
Wif. why that did I to *Beſs*; Maids are ſo ſhy.
Maid. 'Tis Maidens modeſty if they Deny.
Wid. Come Drink about the *Cup* ſtands at your Door,
Maid. Indeed forſooth I Drank off three before.
Wee are to Blame Truly, wee drink like Men.
Wid. Tuſh wench, who knows when we ſhall meet again:
Wee need not fear of Husbands to be blamd.
Maid. But by my Truly I am Ene aſhamd.
Wid. We are ſecure if we by none are ſeen,
The Husband kiſſing *Smells* wher's wife has been.
Wif. I'le take my *Glaſs* as freely as the Reſt,
A Husband *Smell*, Faith thats a pretty Jeſt.
I care as Little for my Husbands *Smelling*,
As Er'e a *woman* now in *London* dwelling.
Maid. nay thats the truth ont I Believe hees kind,
Would I as well were fitted to my Mind.
Wif. As kind a man as woman need to *Ly with*.
Maid. Why ſuch a Man who would not live and dy with?
Wid. My Husband did to other *Girls* Incline,
Wif. Nay mine is Conſtant by this *Glaſs of Wine*.
Maid. When *Wives* and *Widdows* meet, ther's ſuch a doe
Whoſe choyce is Beſt, whos falſe, and who is true
Wif. *Beſs* while I Live I'de rather yearly Marry.
Then live a *Maid* and on preferment tarry.

Maid.

Maid. Yes, but when Married will forſake his Bed,
To graft Brow-antlers on your Husband's Head.
Wid. Come ſay no more, lets not fall out for ſhame,
Drawer go fill us *t'other quart* o'th Same.
Wif. Wee ſhall be Trim'd and have our witts Refind,
Iffaith we ſhall, If you may have your mind.
Wid. Come, to thy Husband *Cuz*, a full *carous.*
And all our frinds *Beſs* at thy mothers House.
Wif. With all my heart; This Wine is not the worſt:
Wid. Cozen I think tis better then the firſt.
but *Beſs* art toward *Marriage* to thy mind?
Maid. I have *A ſweetheart* is exceeding kind.
As good condition'd as e're trod on *ſhoo*,
And by this *wine* as *Stout* and *Propper* too,
To try his Love ſometimes I feign me ſick,
Which makes him weep,
Wif. That's ene my good Mans trick.
I force a *Sigh* with *half a dozen grones*,
My *Love* cryes he, this 'tis to Breed *young Bones.*
Well *John* ſais I, why doſt thou jeare my Paine?
Then by this wine the Fool will weep again.
Wid. Cozen y'are happy in ſo kind a one.
I had a *Clown* would let me ſigh and grone,
If he had liv'd till now, I do proteſt,
I would have done a thing; well let that reſt.
Beſs never Marry with *a Red-Haird man*,
Make choyce of *a dark brown* one If you can.
Maid. A *carret Beard I* allwayes have abhor'd,
And with my *heeles I* Scorn it *by the Lord.*
Wif. O chooſe a *Black* man If *I* may adviſe,
Why *Blacks a Pearl* in any *womans* eyes.
What thinkſt of my good man, *Black as a Cole.*
Maid. I Love *a Black man* with my very ſoul.
Wid. Drawer, Boy.
Vint. *Coming, Coming*, what d'ye lack?

Wid. *Sauſages Boy*, and fill a *quart* of *Sack*.
Maid. Nay pray no more, indeed tis time to part.
Wid. Weel call a *Rickning* after tother *quart*.
Maid. Enough's a Feaſt.
Wid. well *Beſs* thou'rt in the right,
But we want that who *Lye alone all night*.
Wif. That you may both remedy when you will,
Beſs was not made to live a *Virgin* ſtill,
Whoſe fault iſt but your own you do not *marry*?
Were *I* as thee ide not a *fortnight* tarry.
Maid. Tis not my fault; when *Young men* come a *wooing*,
My *Mother Cries I* muſt not yet be *Dooing*.
Wid. Then by my faith your Mother is to blame,
She knows *fifteen* may *Husbands* juſtly claim.
Maid. *fifteen*! why *I* was that laſt *Lady-Day*,
and yet my Mother tels me *I* muſt ſtay,
Sixteen next *march*, *I* am no leſs intruth,
Muſt *I* to pleaſe her linger out my youth?
ſhall ſhe command? Well *I* know what *I* think,
I by this Sack I do, and *ſo I'le drink*.
Wid. *Fifteen*! no more, would I could ſay ſo too,
I'de never aſ'ke my mother what to doe.
Methinks 'tis Idle thus, with Love to dally,
Were It my cace Ide ner,e ſtand *ſhall I ſhall I*,
Maid. I drink ſo much my cheeks are very warm.
Wif. Sweet *Elzibeth* good *wine* can doe no harm,
Wid. Where is this *Boy*? *knock cuz* or *ring* the *Bell*,
Were the *wine Burnd* I think it may do well.
Maid. My Mother ſays *Burnt Sack* is good at night,
Wif. Upon my word your Mothers in the right.
Wid. *Lad* take this *wine*, and we will have it burnd.
All our three minds are to one centre turnd,
Sack when tis *Suger d* will not be ſo heady,
And preethee ſee the *Sauſages* be ready.

Faugh

Faugh what a ſtink is here ; I'me like to choak ,
now out upon't, it is *Tobacco Smoak.*
Wif. As ſure as this is *Wine* I mean to *Drink*,
There cannot be a more deteſted ſtink,
But *mine* is ſuch a kind and loving man,
That hee'l Smoak none, If I ſay do not *John*.
Wid. The wine ſtands dying in the Cup I think.
Come *Beſs* 'tis thy turn wench, to whom doſt Drink.
Come Diſh about thou dooſt thy ſelfe forget,
While we are here lets have our Lips kept wet.
I'le pledg thee Girle, nay, prethee Drink it up,
A Goſſips round thats Ev'ry one a *Cup*.
Looke *Cuz* heers *Fidlers* ſhall we have a *Song* ?
Wif. I am afraid then we ſhall ſtay to Long :
Wid. No no I'le warrant, come *Boy* quickly ſing,
But *Sirrah* look it be a pleaſing thing.

S O N G.

Fidler. COme Liſtne *Virgins*, ſhee that calls
To your Attentive Ears.
Was Borne within the City *walls*,
And is of Tender years.
My Yeilding Heart was ſoon Betrayd,
And now to Late I find,
I am neither *Widdow Wife* nor *Maid*,
But of Another Kind.

Why ſhould I Boaſt my Portly grace
Or my Defent proclaime,
What Features do adorne my Face,
Or my Perfections name,
Thoſe Excellencies are decayd,
And like the Fadeing *Roſe*.
I am neither *Widdow Wife* nor *Maid*,
O no I'me none of thoſe.

Choyce *Needle work* and other Arts,
Attaind with care and coſt.
My Infamy commands thoſe Parts,
Muſt now be kept from Boaſt.
It never can my credit Aid,
To tell you what I am,
I am neither *Widdow Wife* nor *Maid*,
Then what I need not name.

What tho in Dancing I had Skill,
And well could Touch the *Lute*,
Thoſe things converted are to ill,
And made of Diſrepute.
In Infamy i'me now arayd,
And I may ſpeak with ſhame,
I am neither *Widdow Wife* nor *Maid*,
Though ſomething Elſe I am.

A comely *Youth* as ever *Trod*,
Upon a Leather *Shoo*,
Genteele in *Habbit Alla-mode*,
To conquer me did woo.
Mine Eyes ne're ſaw a Brisker Blade,
He Woo'd me till in ſhort,
I am neither *Widdow Wife* nor *Maid*,
But of another ſort.

As Lovers uſe he treated me,
With preſents that were Rare,
And we had meetings frequentlie,
No matter when nor where,
His Aſſignations I obey'd,
'Til now to late I find.
I am neither *Widdow Wife* nor *Maid*,
But of another kind.

He often vow,d I was his Joy,
Nay dearer then his life,
And Swore he would himſelf deſtroy,
Unleſs i'de be his *Wife*,
But Love diſguiſ'd in *Masquarade*,
Did work my overthrow.
I am neither *Widdow Wife* nor *Maid*,
But what I am you know.

A certain time wee did agree,
Upon the wedding Day.
I'le give thee Earneſt Love quoth he.
O döe not ſay me nay.
Doubt not my conſtancy he ſaid,
Or think I'le prove unkind.
I am neither *Widdow Wife* nor *Maid*,
But ſomething Elſe *I* find.

O Falſe Unconſtant and Untrue.
I Bluſh I *Bluſh* for ſhame,
And yet *I*'le leave thee like a *Jew*,
Without a Chriſtian name,
Yet though *I* both our names will hide,
My ſorrows *I*'le report,
I am neither *Widdow Wife* nor *Maid*,
But of another ſort.

Thus I poor Virgin loſt the Field,
When *Cupid* got on wing.
Who ſhot and quickly made me yeild,
To let him döe the thing,
And now he hath my Love repayd,
With Treachery aud Lies,
I am neither *Widdow Wife* nor *Maid*,
But of another Size.

I'me Loſt, it cannot be undone,
Repentance comes to late.
My Virgin *Fort* is overthrown,
His Love is turn'd to hate,
'Tis ſix months ſince I was betrayd,
Let other Maids be wiſe,
I am neither *Widdow Wife* nor *Maid*,
But of an other Size.

Wif. This is good Counſell *Beſs* be ſure take heed,
Maid. The counſell is Exceeding good Indeed,
But venture me, ſhould any be ſo bold
To ſerve me ſo, who could forbeare to ſcold,
Nay ſhould his Boldneſs offer but to feele,
A ſawcy Clown I'de ſcorn him with my heele.
Heer's *Sixpence* to the Muſick for my ſhare,
Wid And mine with all my heart, thine ſhan't go bare,
Wif. And mine, for I Love ſinging with my Heart,
Wid. Now fidler go, Boy bring us t'other quart.
Wif. This is brisk wine. My good-man does allow
A quart a Meal, as I may tell to you,
Tis his beſt courſe to pleaſe me at my dyet,
Or for a Month he ſhall not be at quiet,
Then a new Manta-Gown muſt make amends,
Hee'l Kiſs, and pray, nay prethee Love be friends,
I let him Court and ſpeake me faire a while,
And when the Sullen Humours off, I ſmile.
Wid. Faith cozen *Margret* I commend thy witt,
For to a Hair thou doſt his humour fit,
Maid. Methinks it is the ſtrangeſt courſe you take,
Why I thought Men had Lov'd for kindneſs ſake,
Wif. *Beſs* thou doſt know but little it appeares,
But thou wilt learn more, as thou grow'ſt in years,
Allas poore Girl it is thy maiden Blindneſs.

To

To think mens Love muſt ſtill be fed with kindneſs.
No *Beſs*, their love muſt ſometimes be oppoſ'd.
So here's ty'e both, againſt you are diſpoſ'd.
Wid. Thats a good Boy, and now the cloath is ſpread,
Go fetch a ſlice of your own houſhold *Bread*,
Why this is ſomething like, 'Tis ſtarling Plate.
Wif. Why that *I* Love, but *Pewter* cuz *I* hate.
Maid. Well were *I* Marri'd *I* ſhould never ſcold.
Wid. Piſh, while you talk the *Sauſages* grow cold.
Come ſall too cozen *Margret*, pray begin,
You know cold *Puddings* are not worth a *Pin*.
Wif. They'r pretty *ſalt* to Reliſh wine withall,
Nay pledg me *Beſs*, nay by my troath you ſhall.
Maid. Look Gentlewomen, is it full dy'e think?
I ſcorn to be Intreated to my Drink,
Wid. Why doſt thou ſmile *Beſs*, preethee let me know.
Maid. When I'me in company with men, or ſo,
I Kiſs the *Cup*, and on the wine *I* frown,
And makeing Sower faces ſet it down,
Then will they ſay Lady be not affraid,
Pray mend yovr draught, you drink ſo like a Maid.
Wif. Talk not ſo loud *Beſs*, what will people think?
The *Vintners Boy* went laughing by this drink,
Wid. Why did he ſo, you ſirrah do you here,
Do ſo again *I'*le *Loule* you by the Eare,
Tho Godman *Boy* thou think'ſt that we are mellow,
The meaneſt of us is thy Maſters fellow.
Wif. Tuſh let it paſs, tho *Boys* will ſawcy be,
Your Maſter lives you *Rogue* by ſuch as wee.
Wid. Sirrah call t'other Lad, hee's better bred.
Where did you learn your manners *Loggerhead*?
Bid him bring t'other quart, and what's to pay.
Unleſs he draws our wine we will not ſtay,
Come hither Youth, what dos thy maſter doubt us?

That

That he allows his ſawcy Boy to flout us.
Vint. No truly Maddam, 'tis my Maſters mind
That we to all his cuſtomers be kind.
He is the moſt obleiging man in Town,
Although my fellow prentice be a clown,
Wid. What is thy name?
Vint. Forſooth my name is *Will.*
Wid. Where wert thou Born?
here but at *Fiſh-ſtreet Hill.*
Wid. William we come not here to be abusd,
We could go where we might be better u'sd,
William we have ſome credit where we dwell,
And *William* Boys ſhould use their betters well,
For *William*, but ſuppoſe the cace your own.
That you were *Drinking* where you were unknown,
And that you were as we are at this ſeaſon,
Would you be *Ieer'd*, *ha William*?
Vint. faith no reaſon.
Wid. William thou anſwereſt like a man of ſence,
For truly *William* tis a bace offence,
And *William William* I would have you know,
You ſhall be paid the reck'ning Ere we goe,
And therefore *William* this affront we ſcorn,
for we are *London* Gentle-women born.
William we talk, yet care not who dos hear it,
No By this Glaſs of *ſack.*
Vint. you need not ſweare it.
Now pray except my pint ſhal't be the ſame,
Or any other, what you pleaſe to name?
What ſay you Ladies? ſpeak *I'le* quickly fill.
Wid. Let it alone preethee kind Hearted *Will*,
Thou looſeſt nothing by thy Curteſie,
But prethee *William* learn one thing of me.
Draw *Londoners* the beſt that can be had,

And

And let the *Country Clowns* help of the bad,
Outface thoſe Fools, tell them a flattring tale.
for all their judgment lyes in pots of *Ale*.
I need not teach thee twice to do amiſs.
Wif. Wee might have drank kind *Williams* pinte by this.
Vint. And you ſhall have it, Inſtantly I Run.
Wif. I, let him bring his pinte, and we have done,
He may afford, Each quart did want a filling.
Wid. But take it kindly cauſe the youth was willing.
Vint. Forſooth I hope your *wine* was very good.
Wid. *William* that ſawcy Boy has vext my *Blood*,
VVilliam I grant the *wine* was not amiſs,
But an affront, no man would offer this,
VVilliam be ſure to pleaſe your cuſtome well.
Bnt *VVilliam* when didſt firſt come here to dwell?
Vint. Forſooth my time is out the tenth of *May*,
Wid. *VVilliam* twill be thy own an other day.
Come drink to *VVilliam Beſs*, why art ſo ſad?
For truly *VVilliam* is a hopfull Lad,
Come *VVilliam* drink, come preethee *VVilliam* doe.
Vint. Forſooth I'le pledg you, and I thank you to.
VVid. now *VVilliam* whats to pay, and take your money.
Vint. Forſooth thers juſt *Teen ſhillings* and a *Penny*.
VVid. Here tell it *VVilliam*, 'tis all very Right.
Vint. you'r kindly wellcome.
Maid. uds my Life tis *Night*!
VVif. Hark *Bow Bell Rings*, I do proteſt tis Late.
Wid. *William* good night, I pray take up your *Plate*.

FINIS.

ADVERTISMENT.

Of Books, Sold by Andrew Thorncome, *at the* Dog *and* Glov *in the New-buildings on* London-Bridge.

PROfit *and Pleasure United, or the Husbandman's Magazen* Being a most Exact Treatise of *Horses, Mares, Colt Bulls, Oxen, Cows, Calves, Sheep, Swine, Goats,* and a other Domestick Cattle, serviceable, profitable or use full to Man: With Directions for their *Breeding* and *O dering*: Rules to be Observed in *Buying* Cattle, and pre venting such Distempers as are Incident to them; an Approved Cures for all such Distempers, both Interna and External, as frequently afflicts them, with speed an inconsiderable Charge: Togither with easie and plai Rules, and Methods for Improving *Arrable* and *Pasture Lands*, and the like: Improving most sorts of *Grain* t the best advantage; and what is necessary to be Obser ved in *Sowing* and *Harvesting*: The Management, Im provement and Preservation of *Fruit-Trees, Plants* an *Flowers*: The manner of Ordering *Flax, Hemp, Saffon* and *Licrish*: With directions for the Increasing and pre serving of *Bees*, and many other things of the like Natur *To which is added* The Art of *Angling, Hunting, Haw ing*, and the Noble Recreation of *RINGING*, an making *Fire-works*. The whole Elustrated with Cop per Cuts. Price Bound one Shilling.

THe *Travels of True Godliness*, From the beginning the World to this present Day; in an apt and Ple sant Allegory. Shewing the Troubles, Oppositions, R proaches and *Persecutions* he hath met with in every Age. Together with the Danger he seems to be in at th present Time By *Vice, Papistry*, and other Grand *En mies*. Also where he makes his last and final Abode. By *B. K.* Author of *VVar* with the *Devil*, and *Sion Distress*. The *Third Edition*, carefully Corrected. Price Bound one Shilling.